

Being Merlin

by lossofmerlin

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Summary: I based this loosely off of the tv show Being Human. Only this time it is an immortal warlock, an undead and a ghost. Merlin, Lancelot and Gwen are roommates in the 21st century.

1. Chapter 1

Merlin's busy day had finally come to an end. He walked home from work to tiny apartment that he shared with his room mates Guinevere and Lancelot.

The three of them were quite the odd trio. Merlin was an immortal warlock, Lance had been raised from the dead... from the 5th century, and Gwen was a ghost.

"I'm home," Merlin announced, though he knew the odds of getting any answer were slim to none.

Lance had finally found love again in the 21st century and he was always either spending time with his girl or sitting in his room pining over her.

Merlin and Gwen were not always on the friendliest of terms. He was pretty sure that she blamed him for her current predicament. Though she claimed the blame was no ones but her own. But it had been his suggestion for her to go visit Arthur at the Stones of Nemeton. Truth be told it was for his own selfish reasons of wanting to see him again too. Arthur had forbid him never to return after the first time Merlin had gone there to say hello.

Merlin had assumed things would go over easier if Gwen showed up with him and of course the Queen was more than thrilled over the idea of seeing Arthur again. But it had resulted in her death when she had refused to leave him. Merlin had panicked and tried to save her but had only resulted in teethering her to the mortal plane so that she couldn't even be with Arthur in their ghost forms nor could she ever

die to join him, since she was technically already dead.

Without a ruler or an heir, Camelot had fallen. Merlin and Gwen had parted ways for many long years... 1500, to be exact. It was only last week when they had stumbled across one another and decided to put the past behind them and start anew. Merlin had invited Gwen to be his roommate and she had graciously accepted.

Lance's was another story all together. Sometime last year Merlin had been messing around with magic, as usual, trying to ensure that Lancelot's soul had truly found peace. He believed that to be the case since in Lance's final moments he had seemed like himself again but Merlin had longed to be sure.

Merlin had miscalculated his spell and somehow conjured Lancelot back from the dead. Luckily not as a wraith! Afterwards, Merlin had tried the same spell for Arthur but it sadly hadn't worked.

Lance was flesh and blood but they liked to joke that he was "undead" on account of all the times he had returned from death.

Merlin walked into the kitchen and saw Gwen.

"Hello Merlin," she said kindly.

"Oh hi Gwen. How was your day?" Merlin realized that he should just stop asking questions like that. Her days were always the same.

She gave him a patient smile, as an understanding passed between them, but said nothing.

"And er... how's Lance?" Merlin guessed he knew the answer to this as well but he was really just trying to find something to talk about so it wasn't so awkward between himself and Gwen. They used to be such good friends, once upon a time. He hoped one day they could find that again.

"He misses his girlfriend. He hasn't been out of his room. I peeked my head through the wall a few times and he was just laying in bed every time."

That sounded about right. "I'm sure she will be done with finals and her summer job soon enough and then hopefully things will return to normal."

Gwen gave a polite nod. The subject of love was difficult at times but she wanted to be there for her friends any time they needed to talk. That was just about the only thing she could do now.

Merlin stayed for a few moments longer and then left the room. He would try to bond with Gwen one of these days. He didn't see why they shouldn't, they both had one major thing in common... they both missed Arthur. But perhaps that was the same thing that kept them apart, perhaps it would never be the same without him.

Merlin hesitated as he passed Lance's door but then decided to keep on going to his own room. His day had been pretty rough too. He didn't like that he felt bitter at times with Lance for how mopey he got after not seeing his girlfriend for only a few hours when Merlin might never see his best friend again. Today he didn't feel like

dealing with it.

He flopped on his bed and pulled out his iPod and stuck the ear buds into his ears. Then he closed his eyes and let the music take him far far away, to happier times.

2. Chapter 2

Merlin knocked on Lancelot's door and then opened it without waiting for a response. "Good morning," he said brightly, feeling much better than he had the previous day. He craned his neck to try and see his friend's face because Lance had swiftly turned his computer chair slightly at an angle and he looked like he was wiping at his eyes.

Merlin walked over and put his hand on the chair's back, whipping it around so he could face Lance. "Are you crying," he asked curiously.

Lance tried to glare at Merlin but he felt too miserable to manage it.

Merlin glanced at the computer screen. "But you are talking to Elena... right now!" Lancelot's girlfriend was the distant descendant of the Princess Elena from the 5th century who had almost married Arthur. They just happened to share the same name as well as very similar looks.

Merlin found it curious that those of them who were left from Arthur's time, in one way or another, had all found each other again. He wondered if it meant anything?

"Why are you... crying..." Merlin felt awkward to be having this conversation. "She is right there!" Merlin gestured at the screen. He could see the chat window open. "You are talking to her right now."

"Yes, I know Merlin. But it won't be for long and then she will be gone for most of the day. And it is not like we are in person where I can go have fun with her and take her on some random adventure as we have been used to doing before summer got so crazy." Lance stopped focusing on Merlin as another message came in. He smiled softly as he read it and then broke into a wide grin.

Merlin frowned quizzically. "Feeling better?"

Lance ignored him further as he typed up a reply to his girlfriend and then he turned back to face him. "No Merlin, I don't feel better. But there is nothing I can do about it so I am going to try and make the best of what I have. Now can you please leave so that I can speak with my girlfriend in private?"

Merlin rolled his eyes but did as Lance had asked. He ran into Gwen as he was leaving the room. "Morning Gwen." He gave another bright smile. Despite Lance's downer mood, Merlin was determined not to let it get to him. He had a long busy day ahead and it had only just begun.

Gwen had peeked through the wall as the guys were talking and watched

them for a while and now she had an idea so that they might bond easier. "I want you and Lance to share a bedroom so that I can have yours."

Merlin's mouth dropped open.

"I just thought since he has the bigger bedroom..."

"But Gwen, you don't even sleep," Merlin protested.

Sadness washed over her as it did anytime she remembered what she was and always would be. But she pressed forward because this wasn't about her, it was about helping the guys to bond and hopefully feel happier. They were the ones who were still alive, after all. "Thank you for reminding me Merlin. But it's none of your concern why I want it. You invited me here in the first place. I didn't realize I wouldn't even have my own room."

Merlin had started to feel a bad mood creeping up and he hated that. Especially since the day had just begun. "Sure Gwen. That sounds fine. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound insensitive."

Gwen gave a soft smile. "Thank you Merlin. It means a lot." It really did feel nice to imagine having her own room. That hadn't happened in a very long time.

"No problem. I am just going to go to my room now." He usually sought solace in his room and he had started to feel the need for some quiet time. But then he realized it was going to be Gwen's room from now on, so he added to his last statement, "to pack." Then he sulked off to do just that.

3. Chapter 3

Gwen watched silently from the other room as Lance's girlfriend Elena arrived. After a loving embrace the happy couple headed out the front door, blissfully unaware of her presence.

She sighed and returned to her brand new bedroom. She looked around at how different it looked from yesterday, when it had been Merlin's. He had really outdone himself with trying to make it look nice for her. Although... he had created it all with magic. Even down to lavender paint on the walls. That only served as a reminder of how none of it was really there... just like her.

She lay down on her new lily white princess canopy bed and closed her eyes. She knew ghosts did not sleep but the simple act of going through the motions made her feel more alive.

Then a curious thing happened. After several minutes she did drift off to sleep... and she dreamed, which had not happened to her for a very long time.

In her dream, she was Lancelot, waiting for the one she loved to arrive. She felt like she had been waiting so very long. Then at last they had come! She reached out to take hold of their hand and it felt so right. She sighed in contentment. But as she began to slowly wake, yet was still in the dream, she realized that it was not her love. It was not even her. She had been seeing the world through someone

else's body. Then she finally awoke.

She lay in bed and stared up at the ruffled canopy linens above her. She drew a shallow breath, merely on reflex, since she did not actually need to breathe, nor could she.

She lay lost in thought for a while, which led her to decide she needed to start trying to be a part of the world again... somehow. She did not want to be envious of the people she cared about just because they got to live.

Just because you are a ghost Gwen does not mean you cannot experience life, she thought. She gave a small sigh and got out of bed to go see what Merlin was up to.

End
file.